

THE
English Muse:
Or, a Congratulatory
P O E M.
U P O N
Her Majesty's Accession to the Throne
O F
E N G L A N D.

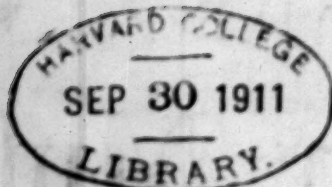
Nunc habet bonum animum. Eheu! Huic illud dolet.

Plaut. Capt. 1. 249.

L O N D O N:

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P O E M.

His Majesty's Address to the Lords

OF
ENGLAND

Now first printed, with a new edition of the
Speeches of the Lords, 1701

LONDON:
Printed, and are to be sold by J. DODD, 1701.

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Or, a Congratulatory

P O E M.

I.

LET Grief no more our *English* hearts untune,
We can't forget our Loss (tho' great) too soon;
For who can longer mourn the Fate,
Of such a valiant Monarch dead,
When we behold how Good and Great,
How Vertuous and Immaculate

A PRINCESS does Succeed:
Who has not only, by Descent,
A Just and Lawful Claim,
To Guide the Reins of Government;
But with a Universal Voice,
The People have Express'd their Choice,

To CROWN the *Royal DAME*.

Thus Heaven the Kingdom, and the Laws, unite,
To make Her Glorious, and confirm Her Rights

A 2

Tho'

II.

Tho' Love, the common Cause of Grief,
 Teaches us to lament what's gone,
 And mourn those Losses past retrieve;
 Yet now one Look tow'rd *England's* happy Throne;
 Grac'd with blest'd *ANNA's* Vertues, yields relief.
 She gives us such engaging Hopes,
 That all the briny Current stops,
 Tho' swell'd by Love and Gratitude,
 And with her bright and chearful Beams,
 Exhails and dries up Sorrow's streams,
 Which would have else our mournful Isle o're-flow'd.
 SHE qualifies, kind Heaven be prais'd,
 By being Wise and Good,
 Those Fears our troubled Souls had rais'd,
 Had not her mighty Self 'twixt Us and Sorrow stood.

III.

Nature, for Years, her Harmony has lost,
 The Seasons have been long untun'd,
 Unwelcome Breezes from some foreign Coast,
 Cold Summers, and untimely Frost,
 Our Harvests, and our Springs have cross'd,
 As if devouring Fate had giv'n the World a wound.
 But now bright *ANNA* mounts the Throne,
 She like the God of Light looks down,
 Spreading her Influence o'er the *British* Isles,
 Which does so blest'd a Change procure,
 The Heav'ns congratulate Her to Her Pow'r,
 And on her *English* Heart true *English* Weather smiles.

The

IV.

The *CHURCH* with swarms of *Sectaries* oppress,
 Will now to her old Glory rise,
 And be by her just *Patroness* releas'd
 From that Restraint, which rais'd her Enemies
 To Pow'r, which they abus'd as early as possesst.
 Had few Years more their Interest still advanc'd,
 Their Coffers grown more full, and they more strong,
 And their Designs been Countenanc'd,
 Which, Heav'n be prais'd, are yet too Young,
 The Loyal Saints, had then unmask'd appear'd,
 Those Christian Zealots would have prov'd but *Jews*,
 And *England* would have had just Cause to've fear'd
 A Common-wealth, much more than wooden Shooes.

V.

But thou, Great Princess, has our Fears remov'd,
 And all our Dangers at a distance set;
 Lov'ing thy People, as by them belov'd,
 Who now have Gratitude to own
 The Nation, and the Throne,
 Are one made Happy, and the other Great.
 All things Auspiciously appear,
 Thy Reign, like the approaching Year,
 Begins so prosperously clear,
 Kind Nature looks divinely sweet,
 And puts her choicest vernal Glories on,
 Heav'n's smiles on thy Accession wait,
 And do concur to Bless the *British* State,
 Which wanting *Thee* had surely been undone.

VI.

The Infernal Plots aspiring Faction laid,
 To Extirpate that *Royal LINE*,
 Which Heav'n, by Wonders, has preserv'd,
 And always timely made
 The prosp'rous Agents of each blest'd Design,
 To save a Nation from Obedience swerv'd;
 Are now, thro' Providence, once more,
 Defeated by a *Welcome Branch*,
 Whose Justice will those Liberties Restore
Holland's kind Friendship, and our Wars with *France*.
 Had trampil'd down before,
 And brought the Ancient *English* Honour low,
 Which will again arise and grow,
 Now happy *England's* Wealth has no Back-door.

VII.

What Prince, like *Her*, on fair *Britannia's* Throne;
 Has such a glorious Instance shown,
 Of Royal Bounty, and of Sov'reign Care?
 What President, in Story, can be found,
 That e'er a *Hundred Thousand Pound*,
 Was given by a King e'er Crown'd,
 A Suff'ring Kingdom to Repair?
 What Monarch ever made that Weight his own,
 The Subjects ought to bear,
 So Great a DEED before was never done.
 To procure *PEACE*, or else support a *WAR*?
 This Gen'rous Act alone must draw,
 To th' Crown Immortal Glory and Esteem,
 And makes bright *ANNE* become the Diadem,
 More than *Elizabeth*, or *Great NASSAU*.

VIII.

No forreign Spies our Councils to betray,
 No swarms of hungry *Dutchmen* round the Throne,
 No *Belgick* Minions to convey
 The Kingdom's Wealth away,
 Strength'ning their Dams, and leaving us to Drown,
 No upstart Flatt'ers to Connive,
 Na, manage, help, advise, contrive,
 How *Holland* might be safe, and we undone.
 But *England's* Welfare now springs up apace,
 A *Stewart's English* Heart supports the Crown,
 A Heart which, like her beautiful Face,
 Is full of Mercy, Love and Grace,
 Becoming of the *English* Throne;
 And that bright Princess plac'd thereon,
 Who only will bestow,
 Honour on *Those* whose Actions show,
 Their Hearts are truly *English* like her own.

IX.

What sacred Wisdom can confide
 In those who never yet could hide,
 Their vile Abhorrence to Monarchial Sway,
 Nor ever are Content when Great,
 But labour to turmoil the State,
 In hopes to gain the Day,
 And undermine that happy Government,
 Which the great God of Nature still will Bless,
 Because 'tis truly Consonant
 With Heav'n's just Laws, and Humane happiness,
 Such restless Spirits greedy to aspire,

With nothing easy, grasping still at All,
 Pleas'd with no Limits are for Climbing higher;
 And twitter like the *Sky-Lark*, till they tire,
 But then in Silence fall.

X.

This yet has been, and be it still the Fate
 Of those, who are not now Content,
 But would Subvert or Circumvent,
 The present happy *English* State,
 Which ev'ry wise Man must approve,
 Every good Man love,
 And none but blind misled *Fanatics* hate
 O Princely Greatness! Let my Muse presume,
 To send one *Caution* to thy Pallace home:
 Blest Queen! Beware of those,
 Who to thy Royal Ancestors were Foes,
 Faithless, ingrateful, treach'rous and unjust,
 But thy great Soul already knows,
 'Tis *Mercy* to Forgive, but *Wisdom* not to *Trust*.

XI.

Many renounc'd their Int'rest to Obey,
 The Dictates of a steady Mind,
 And long beneath great Hardships lay,
 For only foll'wing Conscience close behind;
 Conscience, the happy Christian's Guide,
 To Justice so inclin'd,
 By Faith and Reason so refin'd,
 She cannot lose her way.
 These with a general Consent,

Express

Express their Gladness and Content,
To see his Royal Issue on the Throne,
To whom they bore a dutiful Regard,

All his Misfortunes shar'd.

And made his patient Suff'rings still their own.

Those at thy Royal Footstool wait,

And with unfeign'd Obedience bow,

Hoping a Princess so divinely Great,

Will Bless 'em with one Smile of Pity now.

XII.

Had the vile Treach'ry took effect,

Which common Fame reports abroad,

And that Infernal envious Set,

Already stain'd with Royal Blood,

But once more gain'd that miserable End,

'Twixt Us, and which, kind Heav'n has stood,

To show it's watchful to defend

The Royal Person, and the Nation's Good :

Then to the *CHURCH*, and Kingly Trust,

Peace, Truth, and all that's Just,

Old *England* must have bid *Farewel*,

For *Common-Wealth* had sprang its Glow-worm Light,

And *MONARCHY* extinguish'd fell,

Eclip'd with Horreur and Confusion's Night.

XIII.

But, Providence be prais'd, to whom we owe

Our Safety by that Royal Hand,

Preserv'd to save a sinking Land,

And execute just Heav'n's Decrees below ;

The Sacred hand that shut the fatal Door;
 To common Eyes obscur'd,
 Thro' which the Injur'd Nations Wealth;
 Flow'd daily out by stealth,
 To 'nrich a thankless forreign Shoar;
 The heav'nly Hand that has the Church preserv'd
 From her tyrannick Enemies,
 Who grew so mighty in a head-strong Age,
 Whilst *Honesty* was starv'd,
 And aim'd to make her Fall a Sacrifice,
 To blind *Fanatick* Rage;
 The Charitable Hand that strows
 Blessings where e'er she goes,
 The Saving-hand that heals our Wounds with Balm,
 And sheaths the bloody Sword to plant the peaceful *Palm*

XIV.

The Great *ELIZABETH* of Old,
 Whose Mem'ry we are early taught,
 To Reverence for her mighty Deeds,
 VWhich every Mortal hears, or reads:
 VWhen Young, by Nurses, and by Parents told,
 VWhat *Wonders* to Effect she brought.
 At riper Years in Story we behold,
 VWhat glorious Events she wrought,
 That her surviving Fame no *Mausoleum* needs.
 VWhen warm Divisions plagu'd the Land,
 Religious Feuds, which are the worst to heal,
 She held the Rains with so exact a hand,
 That She both Parties could Command;

With

With such unblemish'd Conduct did she deal;
 And those her Favours could not win,
 Or mercy from their Ills restrain,
 Such did alone the Sword of Justice feel:
 Thus by her *Wisdom* did she bless the State,
 Not only made her Self, but *England* Great.

XV.

Since once the Nation has so happy been,
 Beneath the Conduct of a Maiden QUEEN,
 VVhat present hopes must then possess our Isle,
 VVhen Beauty so divinely sweet,
 Virtue and Piety so great,
 VVisdom so clear, and Temper serene
 Do in one sacred Princess meet,
 And on our Kingdom smile.
 A Majesty whose Goodness awes
 A vicious Nation by a vertuous Life,
 And by her great Example draws
 Her People to observe those Laws,
 By God and Man design'd,
 For humane Good, as by their use we find.

XVI.

A Princess whose Majestick Soul,
 Peeps out of its fair Tenement,
 And shows such heav'nly Gifts were meant
 To Govern and Controul,
 VVhilst all with admiration gaze,
 VVho do beneath her Royal Umbrage walk,
 Adore her Vertues, sing her Praise,
 Behold

Behold her Beauty with amaze,
 And of her Greatness and her Goodness talk :
 That Mercy to the VVorld proclaim,
 VVhich thro' her Royal Lineage always run ;
 Entail'd upon that Sacred Name,
 And Sov'reign Stock from whence she came ;
 VVho always to Forgiveness bent,
 VVere slow to Punishment,
 And Merciful too soon.

XVII.

A Princess in whose sacred Womb,
 (For Fruitful She has always been)
 Lies yet conceal'd a Race of Kings to come.
 O happy Consort ! happy Queen !
 Courted by ev'ry State abroad,
 And highly Lov'd at Home ;
 Ador'd and Rev'renc'd like a God,
 By all who've Her divine Perfections seen.
 Such heav'nly Graces do her Mind adorn,
 Such Majesty her Looks express,
 Such Greatness without Scorn,
 That 'tis Her People's happiness,
 So good a Princess of so just a Race,
 Is for the *English* Sceptre born.
 May Heav'n prolong Her Days, and sooth Her Hours,
 She only takes the Care, the Comfort's ours.

XVIII.

How blest'd is that Resemblance of a God,
 Entic'd to her beauteous Charms,
 On

On whom kind Heaven has bestow'd, (Arms.
 The Affections of her *English* Heart, and Blessings of her
 If Joys celestial can on Earth be known,
 Or if we can behold Divinity,
 In Royal *ANNA* all that's Good we see,
 In her it's to be found alone,
 Imparted only to that mighty He,
 Who, with her, shares all Blessings but the Throne,
 Whilst we, her People, at a distance view,
 With admiration and delight,
 Perfections so divinely bright;
 A Mein so awful, Simitry so true,
 We can no less than fall, or kneel,
 When we behold her Beauty's light,
 And its warm Influence feel,
 Adore and Bless the happy sight,
 Whose Virtues which such great Examples give,
 Consider'd with her Sovereign Command,
 Makes the Great *DAME*, the happiest Prince alive,
 And us the happy'st Land.

XIX.

Th' *Assyrian* Lady prosperous in Arms,
 The *Egyptian* Empire overthrew,
 Did *Ethiopia* subdue;
 At Home she Conquer'd with her Charms,
 And when Abroad her pow'rful Sword she drew,
 By multitudes she slew;
 Yet to show Female Pity sav'd by swarms.

D The

The fair *Bohemian* Princess too;
 Whose Virtue, Wit and Beauty, Fame records,
 Such mighty Deeds did thro' her Conduct do;
 That ancient Story scarce affords
 Actions more worthy of our modern View;
 Besides, look back, and we may find,
 In our own Registers enough to prove,
 The Gods peculiarly are kind
 To Beauty which both Men and Angels love,
 And always have been fond to Bless,
 The fair and vertuous Female Race,
 With Greatness, Glory and Success,
 And all the Marks of Favour from Above.

XX.

England, how happy then art thou,
 Beneath the best of Beauty's Reign,
 A Princess on whose awful Brow,
 A thousand Blessings wait;
 To show her People cannot hope in vain,
 (If they their due Obedience pay)
 To be made Happy, Rich and Great;
 Then let us Bless that joyful day,
 That plac'd her in the *English* Throne,
 And by our loudest Acclamations show
 We're pleas'd with what kind Heav'n has done,
 And at her feet with all due Rev'rence bow,
 Her Sov'reign Attributes allow;
 For Vertue in a Prince improves the State,
 And true Obedience makes a Kingdom great.

XXI.

XXI.

Velcome bright Princess to thy Rightful Throne,
Vhich Heav'n, and humane Laws, have made thy own.
 Th' *European* Ballance which has long been broke
 By *French* Ambition, and by *Spain's* decay,
 And that tyrannick slavish Yoke,
 Dreaded from Universal sway,
 Will be thy Glory, now great Queen,
 The weaken'd Beam must be by thee set straight,
 That ev'ry Prince may his just Bounds maintain,
Vithout the Fear of him tyrannically Great,
 A Deed that worthy is alone,
 To be by thee just Princess done,
 Born to save *Europe* from impending Fate.

XXII.

Bless'd Queen since thy Accession to the Crown,
 All things auspiciously appear,
 The Church, the Throne, the Land, the Year,
 Heavens kind Almoner, the Sun,
 Such Bounty has on Earth bestow'd,
 To griz'd Heads, and wrinkled Age unknown,
 To show the Gods well pleas'd approve,
 The Reign of Her they love;
 Alone for Empire made divinely Good.
 All joy fair Emp'ress to the English Throne,
Vhich Heav'n and Earth have made thy own,
 Happy and long be thy succeeding days,

Glorious

Glorious thy Reign, and great our Gratitude,
As are thy Vertues matchless be our Praise,
And as thou'rt Just and wise, so let our Joys be long;
May ev'ry Subject so express
Their Duty, Loyalty and Loyes,
And with one glad united Voice,
VVish her as happy as I'm sure she'll prove;
Wish Her to Govern *England* long;
Wish Her for ever Fruitful, ever Young,
And that her next blest'd Issue proves a Boy,
To *Denmark's* Honour, and to *England's* Joy.

A Deed that worthy is alone,

To be by thee just Prince's done,

Born to save Europe from impending Fate.

XXII.

Blest'd Queen since thy Accession to the Crown,

All things auspiciously appear,

The Church, the Land, the Sea, the Year,

Heavens kind Almoner, the Day,

Such Bounty has on Earth bestow'd,

To gild'd Harbours, and wrinkled Age unknown,

To show the Gods well pleas'd approve,

The Reign of Her they love;

Alone for Empire made divinely Good,

All joy fair triumphs to the English Throne;

Which Heav'n and Earth have made thy own,

Happy and long be thy succeeding days.

Glorious